



Lincoln News



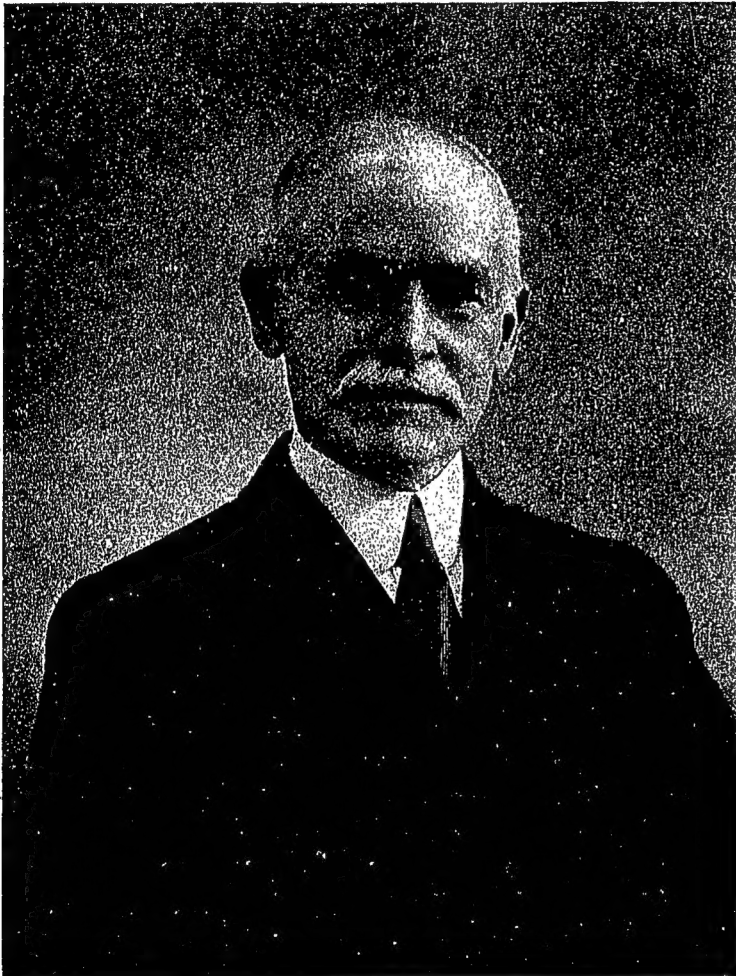
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No. 3



PROF. WM. P. FINNEY

Who's Who?

By J. O. Hopson

The Faculty—Prof. Wm. P. Finney

A few weeks ago, before the mid-year examinations, the students in the various English classes were greatly surprised one day when Professor Finney stated that he intended to resign his position here as Professor of English. The statement was rather shocking in that we have become accustomed to look upon Professor Finney as a regular fixture and integral part of the university. Most of us had the idea that Professor Finney would still be here after we had departed from these walls. That is the reason that it is hard to believe that he is to leave us.

Professor Finney was born in Mississippi during the Civil War period and in his early childhood suffered the privations that

were brought about by that great struggle. His grammar school education was received in Illinois, his preparatory work was done at Bel Air Academy, located in Maryland, and his college and theological work at Princeton University and Seminary. He was graduated from the Seminary in 1886.

After graduation, Prof. Finney took up the work of the ministry. His first pastorate was at Cream Ridge and New Egypt, New Jersey, for a period of six years. At this time he took up a pastorate at Moorestown, New Jersey. He remained there for eighteen years, and was quite successful in his work.

In September 1909, Professor Finney came to Lincoln University to assist in the English department. So successful was his work, that the following year he was elected to the chair of Rhetoric and English literature. This is the position that he

has occupied during his entire stay at Lincoln. It has been in this position that Professor Finney has come to know the boys so well, and the boys to admire and respect him.

While engaged in his duties here, Professor Finney still kept himself connected with church affairs, and rendered valuable service to the Presbyterian cause. During this time he revised and edited the constitution and other books of law and practice of the Presbyterian Church. The past year he was elected, and served as Moderator of the Synod of New Jersey. The past January he was elected General Secretary of the Presbyterian Historical Society, located in Philadelphia, and he expects to sever his connections with Lincoln about the first of April, in order to assume his new duties.

We wish Professor Finney the greatest success in the work that he is about to undertake, and we also hope that he will remember Lincoln wherever he goes. The students here, having profited by the many lessons that he has taught, will always cherish the memory of Professor Finney, and the good work that he has accomplished while at Lincoln.

THE STUDENT BODY

James H. Baker is a member of the Delta Rho Forensic Debating Society, Varsity Debating Team, is an honor student, was a member of the Varsity Basketball Team, 1923-24.

A. M. Seabrook is an honor student, is instructor in mathematics, is winner of the second Sophomore Mathematics Prize.

William E. Farrison is an honor student, winner of the Junior English Prize, and a member of the Student Council.

LIVES OF GREAT MEN

H. A. Stratton

Some writer has said, "sow an act and reap a habit, sow a habit and reap a character, sow a character and reap a destiny." These actions constitute the virtues of really great men. In reviewing the lives of men who have left samples of their acts, habits, characters and finally of their destinies, we encounter very many things worthy of emulation.

The very greatest of accomplishments are of but little value if they merely serve as a glorification of the vanity within the accomplisher, but on the contrary, when one's accomplishment is an inducer to other and even greater achievements, then we have something of real human value.

Biographies of men have been read and reread since the beginning of time. Historic muses have sung their songs of praise to conquering heroes.... They were present when the Roman gods of wisdom and justice, as it were, laid down those foundations of law and government which have not only made Rome the mistress of law and government, but which have also stood thru the ages as a sound criterion for emu-

lation by modern governments. The muses still sing. They chant the glory of Greece, the beauty of that country, the loveliness of its women, the influence of its philosophy, and the wonder of its art. Those duties performed, they must repair to their homes in the distant mountains, and leave us each one to reflect seriously, sincerely, honestly upon the lives of those men of Greece and Rome, who have by great efforts caused their countries to be immortalized by the whole world.

We reflect and become inspired, really fired with the will to do, the zest for action. We stop marvelling at the greatness of Cicero, the elegance and smoothness with which he denounced Cataline. His versatility is a stimulus, our determination to obtain worth, to do good—is our response. Our efforts are not in vain. Thru them we find our goal materializing. And why? Because we have not been fearful of old methods; we have let ourselves be guided by the lives of great men. Thus a great orator arises, putting to a crucial test his own innate abilities and being guided by such old pioneers in that field as Demosthenes and Cicero. In a similar way it can be shown how many great professional and industrial successes have been rendered possible thru the influence of older men who were pioneers upon younger men.

The lives of great men affect the nation to which they belong. Show me a nation of few just men and I will show you a weak nation, an inefficient, non-self-supporting one, lacking in average intelligence, spirit and morals.

It is true that our own America stands out pre-eminently in many lines of achievement. George Washington, Monroe, Lincoln were all great men, the latter especially whose very soul seemed to have been drenched with human kindness and by whose hand a nation was freed from the responsibility of answering to God for the most damnable curse on earth—slavery. Booker T. Washington aided the unfortunate people of his race to become producers rather than mere consumers. These are but a few of the truly great men of America whose impress has been stamped upon the hearts and lives of people everywhere.

We who are students should remember that these men were students in their day. Their study was one of nature, of people, and of God. They studied that they might become proficient in their tasks. They shunned not responsibility; they faced it honestly. They laid deep, firm foundations—they served. In this day of glowing opportunity, cannot we of Lincoln University do as well?

GREAT ATHLETES NEED MUCH NERVOUS EMOTION

Alonzo Stagg, head coach at Chicago University, coined an athletic truism recently, which according to the belief of many competent observers of things athletic, who heard the phrase, is one of the truest bits of athletic philosophy ever uttered.

Stagg was asked to name what he considered to be the most vital or the most valuable trait in the truly great athlete. The man who has thousands of Varsity candidates in all branches of intercollegiate sports under his control hesitated only for a moment. Then he said: "The capacity for nervous emotion. That capacity which will carry a man thru when his arms, heart and legs are gone."

I need not recall the fact that Larry Brown ran the last fifty yards of his great half-mile when the Penn. team broke a record, as if he were in a trance. I need

only to remind you of one of our local athletes, Cedric Mills, whose capacity for nervous emotion caused him, in last year's inter-mural track meet, at every stride to stumble, reel, and almost collapse before he reached a friendly tree a few yards from the tape. According to all visible evidence, Mills was physically through. But I believe that only his capacity for nervous emotion, the ability to command hidden reserves of the spirit, kept him going to finish his race. The case of "Jazz" Byrd making a ninety yard run almost unaided against Howard, and just after Howard had scored a touchdown on the Lions, can be attributed to nothing other than his capacity for nervous emotion. And that, according to the veteran Stagg, is the most necessary trait in an athlete.

THE TIDEWATER CLUB

By John H. Ward

The Tidewater Club, composed entirely of students from Norfolk, Va., and vicinity, boasts of having one of the most unique organizations of its kind on the campus. It does not boast because of its invincible record on gridiron, nor of its social events during the Christmas holidays, but of its wonderful spirit.

This spirit had its beginning in those sons of Norfolk that have gone on before, such as Custis '09 Cum Laude; Big Cat Archer, '18 Cum Laude; Selden, '19 Magna Cum Laude, Phi Beta Kappa, Dartmouth; Hall, '20; Wilson, '22, end on football team; Cox, '22, Cum Laude, Instructor in Pedagogy; Webb, '23, Captain of Track Team; Ross, '23; Young, '24; Brown, '24; Archer, '24, Cum Laude; Little Cat Archer, '25, Valedictorian of Class, Manager of Lincoln's greatest football team; Bill Colden, '25, Cum Laude, winner of the Robert Flemming Labaree Prize in Social Science; Mercer, '25, Organist of great ability. It is by the spirit of these men that the club is guided. The members believe that these men are worthy of imitation. If this spirit so molded the character of these men of old to the point of emulation why not boast? Of such men, Lincoln is proud, from such men, the government gets its citizens, by such men the race is served.

The present Tidewater Club believes that the spirit that actuated those men of days gone by is upon it. If not, why is Bodit Ward a first group man in Greek, Braswell a member of the Beta Kappa Chi Scientific Society and manager of the track team, Elliott a member of B. K. X. Scientific Society and an honor student, Whitehurst a delegate to the Annual Student's Council Convention of the Episcopal Church, Riddick a first group man in Latin, Washington called Caddy Givens, Myers, Lassiter, and Walker members of the football squad, Dozier assistant organizer of the boy's club, Gunny Boffman, called Nubbs, Dogan, "Smilin' through", Diggs, a criterion of refinement, Faulkner so religious, Puss Williams the week-end specialist, Mizell Zeus, Robinson and Spence, members of their class debating team, Williamson at Chapel every morning, the writer, the brother of the famous Bodit? I repeat, it is of this spirit the Tidewater Club boasts.

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THE BETA KAPPA CHI COLUMN

The Scientific Society here at Lincoln is making itself a potent factor in the campus life of the University.

On Saturday, February 6, the organization presented to the student body a film entitled, "Unhooking the Hookworm." It was a very instructive picture which portrayed the life history of this harmful parasite, and the methods of getting rid of it. The organization is very pleased with the way the picture was received by the audience, and trusts that other pictures will be received with the same interest. Mr. LaVerte Warren, recording secretary of the society gave a brief talk before the picture was shown.

At the last meeting of the society Mr. Carnoll, instructor in Organic Chemistry, demonstrated to the society the action of Doberreiner's Lamp. Hydrogen gas is generated by the use of any metal high in the activity series, and sulfuric or hydrochloric acid. The acid is held in a jar fitted with a top from which suspends a receptacle for the metal. The receptacle has two small holes in the bottom to allow the metal to come in contact with the acid. When a spring on the top is pressed down, air is released, the acid rises, and gas is generated. $Zn + 2HCl = ZnCl_2 + H_2$. The gas passes thru a minute orifice on the top and is played on a small quantity of spongy platinum. Finely divided platinum absorbs about 300 times its volume of hydrogen gas. The catalytic oxidations and reductions effected by finely divided platinum depend upon the fact that the platinum absorbs hydrogen, which then acts more vigorously than when in the ordinary state. Thus, Doberreiner's Lamp operates upon the principle that when a jet of hydrogen is directed against a platinum sponge the latter is heated to redness, and so lights the jet.

At the same meeting a paper, "The Histology and Histogenesis of Hair" was read. Mr. H. G. Reynolds, a student of Meharry Medical College and a charter member of B. K. X. is the author of the paper. It was a well prepared paper and gave clearly the histology, morphology and origin of hair. An interesting discussion followed the reading of the paper.

Every member of the society hopes that there will be many men eligible to become members of the society when scholastic marks have all been computed.

DELTA RHO FORENSIC SOCIETY

The Delta Rho Forensic Society met on Thursday, February the eighteenth in the prayer hall of the Chapel. The plans for the Wilberforce debate were completed and the future debates for this season include Howard, Union, Wilberforce, Wiley in Texas, and Morgan College.

On February the sixteenth, our affirmative speaker, Mr. Goodman and our negative speaker, Mr. James Baker, left to engage in an open forum debate with the Swarthmore College, debating team on the subject of "Recognition of Soviet Russia". The vote was given by the audience and the affirmative won by the practically unanimous decision of 26-3.

Two delegates were elected to represent the Delta Rho at the convention of the Delta Sigma Chi Debating Fraternity, being held in Washington, D. C. on March 5, 1926. Those representing this chapter are George Goodman and Richard Hill.

It is the goal of the Delta Rho to win both ends of the triangle this year. We can, and we will!

R. H. H.



MID-YEAR GRADUTES

Mr. T. Bond, A. B.
Mr. G. W. Galloway, A. B.
Mr. D. C. Byrd, A. B., S. T. B.
Mr. T. R. Wall, A. B.

(From "The Denver Star" of November 7, 1925)

"Sunday was the zero time in the life of Campbell Chapel when the first rally was given under the leadership of her giant young pastor, whose initial bow in this community has won for him and his generous wife a very favorable impression in this community. Rev. Hill is a well-prepared Lincoln University (of Pennsylvania) man and his wife comes from our Alma Mater, dear old Howard University.

The rally resulted in \$360 being taken up on Sunday. The Star thinks this record is wonderful for Rev. Hill."

The Lincoln News wishes herein to hail with pleasure the success of Rev. Hill.

ENTERING IN AT THE STRAIGHT GATE

E. T. Lewis

"A careful survey of the times will convince one that there is much skepticism in the world today. There are many gates standing ajar through which earth's travelers may enter. Some lead to higher planes while others lead to lower. We, of this generation, should strive to enter through the gate on the post of which is marked, "Success".

"In the choice of which gate one will enter, time distinction is set forth. Now, in the Springtime of our life, is the time for us to choose the right course, for the span of life is very brief. Life at its best is only a strait between two boundless seas, the past and the future. Noiselessly does childhood pass into youth and youth quickly passes into manhood. So now, while the formative span of our life from youth to maturity is being crossed, is the time for us to see to it that we enter in life through the Straight gate.

"Truly hath man been endowed with noble powers. The possibility of greatness is hidden somewhere in every man's nature. If the right course is pursued these possibilities may eventuate in realities; these tasks which we look upon with tremendous timidity will be easily accomplished.

"Posterity delights to honor those of the past and present who have risen to heights of fame and fortune, not by spending their time in idle gossiping, but by entering upon the threshold of life through the straight gate with resolute wills and pure hearts. The world needs such men today. Men with unblurred visions who see not only with their natural eyes, but with those higher powers of spiritual discernment. The story of want, woe, and wickedness is very appalling and pitiful. Are we of this generation satisfied with only a bird's eye view of life? Are we unwilling to help remove the ills that afflict humanity? Are we willing to go through the streets of life in our own selfish chariots asking brazenly, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

"Entering in at the right gate is the fore-runner and indispensable requisite to a successful life. To enter the wrong gate means that when the climax of our life shall have been reached we can only look back with unavailing regret that our lives have been spent unprofitably. To enter the right gate means that we are warranted a noble present and a hopeful future; an unfading and untarnished glory.

Let us then strive to enter in at the straight gate, remembering the words of Shakespeare when he said,

"There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

RECENT VISITORS

On February 19, Judge W. H. Harrison, who is now the assistant Attorney General of the state of Illinois, addressed a large audience in the Mary Dod Brown Memorial Chapel on the subject: "Builders and Building." It was a treat, a source of inspiration and was highly enjoyed.

On Sunday, February 21st, the Reverend Benjamin P. Glasgow preached the first of a series of sermons which he later delivered during the week of revival meetings. As a result of his work many men confessed while a few reconfessed Christ. We appreciate the service which he rendered.

A few days later Mr. Thomas E. Jones, the present president of Fisk University, addressed the student body during the chapel period on the "Youth Movement in Japan". Having taught for four years in a college in Japan, Mr. Jones was fully acquainted with the subject. Hence he delivered it with clearness and precision.

DISLOYAL

George W. Goodman

Two falls ago the newspapers east and west sang the praises of a negro athlete at Iowa, who gave his life for his Alma Mater on the gridiron. Iowa or any college is made great by the spirit of such men. Any cause in fact, is dependent upon such love for success. There can be no middle ground—either we love the cause or the institution whole heartedly or we do not love it at all.

Here at Lincoln we are decidedly small in number and the least bit of disorganization is fatal to the cause as a whole. Then it is our duty if we are working for the common cause—a greater Lincoln—to uproot that detrimental factor and get that success we ought to have. To me or any other Lincoln man, it should not matter whether it touches a man fraternally affiliated with him or any other factor subordinate to the welfare of Lincoln.

Our basketball team is going to smash right in the midst of the season. The cause for this can be attributed to the whims and fancies of one man who was formerly a member of the team. Because of an undying love he professes for his preparatory school and its college basketball team, he



REV. BENJAMIN P. GLASGOW

refuses to play with the institution where he has spent all of his college days and from which he hopes to get a degree some day. The case is so ridiculous and unfounded in logic that it makes most Lincoln men look upon it with disgust. We have heard of men changing colleges and manifesting this sort of feeling, but even they dare not call it love.

It all reminds one a little of the fable by the Frenchman, Fontaine. A farmer once found a snake freezing to death in the field. He picked it up and took it to his home and laid him upon the hearth. When the snake became warm and comfortable, he stung the farmer while his back was turned. Then the farmer seized the snake, took him out of doors and killed him.

If a man does not love an institution sufficiently after three years of attendance to give his all on their teams, the man and the institution would be better off with their affiliations severed. Lincoln men as a rule are made of different stuff. We propose to love Lincoln as well as any undergraduate of Yale, Harvard, or Princeton may love his respective institution. Any man who does not feel that way does not deserve to wear the coveted letter (insignia) of the institution.

When elephants roost in hickory trees, and bees are as large as bats, then may be a girl who has never been kissed will be kissed by a man who has never kissed a girl, but hardly before.

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NEWS CONCERNING TWENTY-SEVEN

Aldrage B. Cooper—Class Reporter

For the second consecutive year, Sperling walked off with the title of "Goddess of Love and Beauty" in the annual beauty contest conducted by the Juniors.

However this was not accomplished without the spirited competition put up by "Barney" Google, "Heads" Asbury, and "Kid" Salter.

Nevertheless, these boys will still have a chance. All they have to do is to remain and take up theology. "Jack" will not be here then.

Out of the five highly honored ones, our class is fortunate enough to have three representatives. "Charlie Gib" can be seen massaging Livingstone Hall any day; "Milt" Yonque pushes a wicked broom in the little "gym" daily, while "Jaga" Gaskins is very attentive as Campus Nurse.

Being paternally inclined toward Freshmen is not so profitable, after all is considered.

An Old Men's Club has been recently organized. After much deliberation and after considerable excitement, Casey was selected to lead the destinies of the Club, Burson was elected to act as vice-president, "Pops" Johnson to handle the finance and "Tut" Ashton to keep the records.

Among other requirements, one must have lived on this earth one score and ten years.

The spirit of some members of the class is evidenced by the fact that a fairly good fighting team was scraped up, even after our best players had deserted the cause. The class should come before individual desire for glory.

The Junior Prom, from all indications, will prove indeed successful. Philadelphia is the city fortunate enough to be called upon to entertain the upper classmen and the Alumni.

The best music and a good hall can be assured.

"Charlie" had his lady friend come out disguised as a male in order to fool "the boys". It was not long, tho, before it seemed as tho everybody had important business with "Gib".

"Jaga" swears that he will never accompany any more ladies home a la automobile. The price he paid!!!

Wonder where our "Charlie" Bynum struck his luck? Notice the new outfit? From one extreme to the other, and without notice, too.

H. S. C. has not told everyone that he is the proud possessor of a Delta pin. Another Benedict in the making?

What's the matter, J. T. P.? Everybody is wondering how it is that A. V. can come out to visit your son—a prep?

Wonder what or who kept Kyler in Baltimore so long?

"Le Cochon" won the Bible. For once the prize went to one deserving it.

Somebody should get scared. "Slim" Jenkins and "Big Bill" are framing up on some unsuspecting individual for positions in the outfield.

"Tom" Brown has been chosen to lead the nine. Classmates are glad of it—for T. T. does know baseball.

The class sympathizes with Mrs. Young during the illness of the coach—her husband. We all pray for his speedy recovery.

Peculiar thing how some guys will return the small sum of one buck, while others will deliberately find a vest containing twenty-five, and secretly return the vest MINUS.

PHILOSOPHIAN LYCEUM

The first meeting of the new semester of the Philosophian Lyceum was held last Friday evening in the prayer hall. The Lyceum members plan to make this semester's work and interest surpass that of last semester. The old members are all enthused with the old spirit, and with the addition of several new members, the future looks bright indeed.

The purpose of the Lyceum is to help one develop latent talent along forensic lines. Each week lively and interesting programs are presented, and each person is given an opportunity to express himself on the main topic of discussion. In this way persons who thought they never could speak, have discovered that speaking isn't such a hard proposition after all.

Another noteworthy feature of the Lyceum is the Oddyke Prize Debate that is held annually at commencement. Last year the debate was held among the members of the Philosophian Lyceum. But this year, since the Garnett Lyceum has been organized again, these two organizations will debate.

The officers elected to guide the Lyceum for this semester are as follows: John Harris, president; John Watkins, vice-president; James Hopson, secretary; L. M. Donaldson, assistant secretary; R. E. Turner, treasurer; Richard H. Hill, chaplain; J. I. E. Scott, critic; H. Alston, sergeant-at-arms.

Every student is invited to come out each Friday and become a part of the Lyceum. We are sure that you will profit thereby.

MEN OF DESTINY

(An infantile historical Scenario)

By F. S. Belcher

THE PAST

Is not the past, as the great poets would say,
Just simply a yesterday that was a today?
Is not the past a mysterious night
That has lifted its darkness and given us light?

Is not the past an historical mine
That the present has taught us to dig for
and find?

Is not the past—the mother of all,
Won't today and tomorrow answer her call?

Is not the past a mine of rare gems
That has held to her bosom the greatest
of men?

Does she not hold with her tender embraces
The glorious secrets of still glorious races?

It is difficult for those of our time not being familiar from childhood with the most remote places on the globe, to picture to themselves the feelings of the men who lived in the sixteenth century. The dread mystery which had so long hung over the great deep, had, indeed, been removed. It was no longer beset with the same undefined horrors as when Columbus launched his bold ship on its dark and unknown waters. A new and glorious world had been thrown open.

Amidst this romantic sixteenth century when Spanish noblemen, in doublets and cassocks of silk tramped through the swamps and tangles of Florida to find the fountain of perpetual youth, or toiled a thousand miles over the western desert, lured by the dazzling gold of fabled cities of splendor, this story opens and closes.

There lived, at this time, when Spain, perhaps, held the most prominent position on the theatre of Europe, in the quaint little city of Palos, Spain, Ferdinand Magellan, a handsome Spaniard, whose fair name and dauntless spirit was the envy of every man and the idol of every woman. He was a true Spaniard and women were "the plague of his existence." His beautiful home in Palos, Spain, was never without the grace of this "plague", but of all these ladies, Don Ferdinand had eyes and ears alone for the daughter of Mother Dathe, whose exquisite villa was within a stone's throw of his palatial home. He did not love her in vain, for it was said, "when Don Ferdinand wanted a thing, he usually got it"; but Margarita (the daughter of Mother Dathe) loved him as dearly as he loved her.

She had been away for some time, traveling in foreign lands and had brought back with her a foreign culture mixed with her Spanish beauty and grace, which even made her more desirable to Don Ferdinand. This led to many happy and tender meetings in the moonlight on the balcony of Mother Dathe's home and went further to bind them closer. We must not conclude, however, that Don Ferdinand was the only suitor that she had, for the greatest men of the time, such as Hernando Cortez, Ver-ranzo, James Cartier, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Sir Humphrey Gilbert were her admirers, valiant and true, each attempting to outdo the other and gain favor in her eyes. Thus, she had in the palm of her hand, this beautiful Spanish girl, some of the most distinguished men in the width and breadth of Europe.

At this time there were roving through Spain a notorious band of outlaws who cast terror wherever they went by the brutality of their deeds and their disregard of Spanish chivalry. Don Ferdinand, who was high in the grace of the court, tried all in his power to have the outlaws pursued by the soldiers of the King, and he even went so far as to obtain the warrant for the execution of one of them, who had been caught. This brought down the wrath of the whole band upon his head and they swore that they would have vengeance.

A note one day was thrown from some carriage at the feet of Ferdinand, as he departed from one of the "salones publicos" (public saloons) in which were gallant Senors, seated over Oriental carpets, sipping aromatic beverages. He picked it up with eager fingers, thinking that it was some love note from one of his many Senoritas, but on opening it he found to his great astonishment these words:

"Come to me tonight, I need thee!"

He, too astonished for words, gazed for a while at the note, trying to glean from its short message and answer to the fears that were pressing upon his brain. Then, seeing people stare at him, he slowly walked off, praying for night to come in order that he might go on his errand to his loved one.

At last, darkness silently and peacefully drifted upon the Spanish world, but not fast enough for Ferdinand. He could hardly wait for the white diamond of day to turn into the turquoise of night, before he had girded on his sword and set out on his errand. He ran hastily to Mother Dathe's, scaled a wall without any apparent difficulty, climbed a trellis to their balcony meeting place, from which Margarita leaned pale and worried. He reached her at last and they embraced and kissed fervently, as do all lovers.

She thrust forth a note upon which was written a single word, "Danger", signed

with the imprint of a bloody finger. She clung to him, as a frightened child to her mother, as she related what had occurred. It seems that she had been reading near a window when suddenly there fell upon her book this note. She had looked out the window and had seen a coarse, slovenly man climbing over the wall. She had then sent her coachman to find him (Ferdinand) and give him her note.

"Ah! don't worry," he cried, "nothing will trouble you." "If something should, I would circumnavigate the globe to bring justice."

Nothing but sobs reached his ear from the head crushed against his shoulder. He continued "Dearest, don't cry." "I'll stay by you always—just you and I."

So intent is he upon her, that his usual, watchful eye fails to see a group of shadows collecting under the balcony and his keen ear fails to detect the slightest sound. A ladder is quietly raised beneath the balcony and then the moon drifts behind a cloud; when it comes out again, the shadows beneath are scattering, the figure on the ladder jumps just as the balcony, torn asunder from its foundation crashes downward with Ferdinand and Margarita. Carried down amidst crashing wood, falling iron and rumbling bricks are Ferdinand and Margarita, saved.

See NEXT ISSUE:—KIDNAPPED!

AGRADECIMIENTO

En la edición proxima pasada del "Lincoln News" nosotros teníamos el alto gusto de poner en efecto, el propósito que habíamos tenido antes,—a saber: publicar en nuestro periódico, una sección en español.

Segun nuestra esperanza, hemos recibido cartas y otras expresiones de placer en cuya sección. Queremos acusar aqui mismo, nuestro aprecio y gratitud al recibir estos tributos. Queremos decir tambien que quedamos todavia en grandes deseos que hay muchos mas lectores quien no solamente nos escribirán de sus gustos en esta obra, pero tambien nos enviarán sus subscripciones o sus anuncios, o ambos, para ayudarnos pagar el Sr. impresor. Muchisimas gracias.

LA ENCRUCIJADA

En los caminos de cada pais, hay muchas encrucijadas. Los E. U. A. como los demas paises, tiene sus encrucijadas que, segun las procedencias y las terminaciones de las vias que se crucen alli, tienen muchisima mas importancia que otras. Hay siempre guias, o en jefes de trafico o en tablillas, dirigiendo al viajero por donde hay que ir para llegar a su deseado paradero; y la destinación del viajero depende muy seguramente en la dirección que el coge.

Hay en el histórico estado de Pennsylvania, una importantísima encrucijada que es traversada por representantes de la noble raza de color, y tal vez por unos quantos blancos. Los caminos que se cruzan en aquel lugar son de ensenanza tanto como de los caracteres de los diferentes viajeros, cuyos caracteres formados en las respectivas procedencias o casas de aquellos viajeros.

Mientras que estan los viajeros en este lugar, la gran importancia no es de donde vienen ellos, pero es muy ciertamente a donde van; y como hemos dicho antes, esta dependerá en la dirección que prefiere cada uno.

?Quiere Vd. saber el nombre de esta encrucijada? Pues, se llama "Lincoln University", con los estudiantes como viajeros,

y los Sres. Profesores como jefes de trafico. Vd. puede figurar los demas, y solicitamos que Vd. pregunte a Vd. mismo, a donde va?

FIRST SEMESTER HONOR MEN

1925-1926.

SENIOR CLASS

First group: J. H. Baker, W. E. Farrison, G. R. Johns, A. M. Seabrook.

Second group: J. G. Andrews, J. T. Beck, D. C. Byrd, L. M. Braswell, J. B. Brown, J. H. Carney, R. A. Carroll, Jr., T. L. Caution, R. S. Cooper, B. W. Elliott, F. Faulkner, R. C. Fortune, L. Foster, W. A. C. Hughes, Jr., J. M. Lancaster, J. A. Mann, W. A. Marshall, C. E. Mills, Wm. P. Stevenson, W. S. Taylor, W. H. Ward, L. T. Warren, B. T. Wells, M. H. Whitehurst.

JUNIOR CLASS

Second group: R. A. Brown, C. H. Bynum, Jr., N. C. Casey, H. W. Day, C. F. Gibson, I. K. Givens, J. H. Grasty, J. O. Hopson, L. W. Jones, M. R. Kyler, H. D. Marshall, Jr., E. C. Miller, N. H. Nichols, Jr., J. I. E. Scott, C. R. Sperling, W. H. Strickland, R. E. Turner.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

First group: P. A. Dickey, L. H. Murray, W. P. Pickens, M. E. Carpenter.

Second group: A. H. Anderson, T. R. Anderson, F. S. Belcher, Jr., J. L. Clarke, G. D. Clinton, H. A. Diggs, P. J. L. Hall, Jr., J. W. Haywood, Jr., R. H. Hill, H. A. McPherson, G. C. Morse, W. J. Mossee, W. H. Sinkler, Jr., E. W. Stratton, H. L. Summerall, T. R. Webber.

FRESHMAN CLASS

First group: T. B. Diggs, T. R. Espy, H. M. Jason, A. H. Jenkins, M. E. Parks, M. P. White.

Second group: M. M. Berryman, J. M. Burnett, H. A. Farrar, Paul Gibson, K. H. Morgan, A. J. Pinkett, W. G. Polk, J. B. Redmond, B. S. Rivers, N. C. Thompson, W. A. Ware, B. T. Washington, T. A. Webster, G. O. Wright.

TOMORROW

Each tomorrow to my life
Is a cloister dark and drear,
Wherein silent, unmolested
I may shed a mournful tear.

Each tomorrow to my soul
Is a beam from hope's bright sun,
Lighting up the future, helping
Me forget the wrongs I've done.
EDWARD S. SILVERA, JR.

TO A CANDLE

How like a little life thou art,
Uncertain is thy flickering start,
If no ill wind doth blow thee out
Thou goest unhampered on thy route,
Each gleam thou shedest is a breath,
Each draws thee nearer to thy death.
EDWARD S. SILVERA, JR.

SALOME

There
Is no sweetness
In the kiss
Of a mouth
Unwarm and dead,
And even passion's
Flaming bliss
Turns ashen
In a charnel bed.
Salome
Of the wine-red lips,
What would you with death's head?
Langston Hughes

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INTRAMURAL ATHLETICS

William H. Lanier

These intramural basketball games are the most interesting contests ever exhibited in Lincoln University. Everyone is pleased to note how great things always fall in the paths of great men. This university is proud of its basketball men: such mighty forwards as "Soc" Knight and "Wellsam" Richmond; such stationary centers as "Farina" Joyner; such active guards as the keen-sighted "Filo-Sopho-Aristo" Johnson and "Madame" Joseph Wright of the freshman class.

The Senior Class has lost all hope because two of its star players have gone to the Coaching Team. But who blames "Tad" Lancaster and "Marcus Garvey" Goodman for leaving the side line?

Who said that the Junior Class would meet its doom when "Big Boy" Grasty pulled out? It won its first game on the very night when he was in Philadelphia. So huddle and cuddle him a little longer Miss.....(?)

It was hard to decide whether the "Sophs" were playing basketball or attempting to haze the "Preps". For much blood was spilled on both sides.

Referee Toodle gave Coach Young the whistle and said: "I don't know how to manage a rabble meeting; we haven't had that in our coaching class yet."

The virgin Freshmen would have a snappy team if they could only get captain Ware to pass the ball to his colleagues rather than to his opponents.

Now, on these professional or club teams, we have starring for the Cressons, George Morse, but he is saving his best form for the final game.

The Triangles, a team of all-stars, missed "Jimmie" Dorsey while he was away with the quintet. Even the "shooting star" Gosnell could not get his stuff off.

Quite naturally "Jim Andy" was lonesome without his "ole lady". "Lank" King came in just in time to keep the Triangles from suffering an ignominious defeat at the hands of the Juniors.

Everyone knows that it isn't fair for other teams to be compelled to play against the coaching team. That team gets one hour of theory and two hours of practice every week. And besides, it has all the noted stars mentioned above. So if they win the intermurals, all of us are going to rebel against such unfair play.

It has been whispered around the campus that Lincoln will go over the top this year in her track meets. There are numbers of "Preps" of high school fame among us. And we still have with us a famous sprinter in the person of "Bodit" Ward. The far famed 220 men are showing form in their indoor workouts. These men are "High Pocket" Myers, "Jezebell" Foster and "Patty" C. Henson. The 440 and long distance men look mighty nice, too. They are "Barney Google" Johnson, "Young Dumb" Huguly, "Ben Turpin" Farrison, "Kiddie" Foust, "No Hurry" McNair, "Dr. Quack" Wells, "Sheik" Hogan, and the ladies' choice, E. P. Gibson, "Dr." Twine's second.

It is interesting to note the power of association, to note how so many fellows have been successful in influencing their "ole ladies" to go out for track. I think Grasty deserves the highest praise for his having succeeded in getting his "ole ladies" out.

Briscoe should be mentioned too, since his "ole lady", Toodle, has consented to go out for the high and broad jumps. Cresson

No. 12 is turning out one hundred per cent, so are "Councilor" Henry and "Head" Hobson. With these men contesting, the chances for "Speed" Taylor, "Ken" Fletcher, Bost, Bell, Briscoe, Strickland, and "Panicky" Bryant to ride look mighty slim to me.

BIRD'S EYES

The Physics class styles itself the class of wonder. The members thereof are constantly wondering why they are therein, what they are there for, and how they are going to get out without getting fives.

A young lady advised "Wellsam" Richmond to take ammonia and bromine for his cold. We hope he will recover.

Toodle went to town to see Hobson's lady friend. He came back with the mumps. A few days later the lady friend wrote, stating that she also had the mumps. Draw your own conclusions.

The writer wants to advise Mr. Hobson to watch his city retreat closely, for Mr. I. K. Givens is doing some back-biting in the City of Brotherly Love.

James Grasty has been making frequent trips to Chester. It is rumored that he is soon to join the ranks of the benedicts.

"Sips" Dozier and "Bill" Lanier now claim to be the sheiks of the village.

"Bodit" Ward is about to join the benedicts.

Every time that something goes wrong with the lights, they say that "Big Evil" is passing the Power Plant.

Many a man would have given his kingdom for a horse during the mid-years.

The psychological race was too fast for the horses that entered it.

If you want to know about anything which has happened, is happening, is going to happen on this campus, Riddick will be able to give you some information on the subject.

"Young Dumb Huguly was sick until he received a special delivery letter from Her.

Is it true:

That some of the campus jockeys each year try to ride their ponies without giving weight and are thus disqualified?

Ask Button Head.

That Professor Dade of the Dept. of Pedagogy turned out to be a Prep? Such is Life in the great world, where men are men and so are omens. You can fool some of the people some of the time but you can't fool all the people all the time.

That the Junior Class has two presidents and two vice-treasurers since "Mark" Anthony and "Jack" Sheftall are listed as Juniors?

That "Barney Google" uses Hair Groom? What for, "Barney"?

That Joyner bought \$30 worth of records and yet he has no Victrola? Truly, music hath charms.

That "Pop" Yancey is the Sheik of South Street? Who knows?

That "Species" Royce gets a note a day? Ask Beason?

Newest Song Hit on the Campus written by "Dick" Brown, gatherer of petite punches from la grand fists entitled: "Oh, how I miss you today, "Sugar Foot".

To the Hartford Twins: It is cheaper to spend the week-ends in West Grove.

Since Farmer Brown's mule died, the old man has been trying to secure the services of the two Laughing Hyenas, "Pig" Bowman and "Jim" Washington, in order to make the remaining mules feel at home. He-Haw!

"LEST WE FORGET"

Fellow class-mates, "preps" and freshmen, lend me your eyes! Can we, the sons of '29 continue to wear the coat of despicable shame that is now being worn by the members of our class? Will you let the majority suffer for the sake of the minority? The larger percentage of the class is willing to act at the proper time, and to refrain from action when necessity does not occasion it. Yet, the minority, in its obstinate or non-caring manner, persists in beguiling the standard of the majority. Longfellow has said,

"Be still, sad heart and cease repining, Behind the cloud is the sun still shining."

For four months we have been waiting for the sun to emerge from behind the cloud, but still our hearts repine.

Shall we, oh classmates, convert those months into years, upon these sacred grounds, and find the sun irrecoverably hidden by the ignominious cloud? "No! Never!!"

How long then shall it hang like a pinnacle over our heads? Some bright chap has replied, "Until tomorrow". Of that chap, the majority has its opinion, for when Professor Wright has spent practically all his life trying by all manners of logarithms to locate "tomorrow" and has not found it, the chances are that this chap will not find it, either.

"Today" is the day, fellows, for conventionalism. Tomorrow never comes. As soon as we learn (or, I should say 'experience') the application of the true "Lincoln spirit", so soon indeed will we be invincible in regard to class-spirit and school opinion.

LEONARD J. MARTIN

THE CALL FOR A BLACK LEADER

Clarence H. Richmond

While Black man is to Black man so unrust
When shall we, each other trust?
Let's meet each other at the Bar
Then point others to our star.

If precepts to us were shown
Our errors then we'd own.
Oh, Ethiopie, let him run.
To wind the cord that Washington spun.

SUPPOSE

Suppose there were no earth, no world,
Naught but an empty, vacant void
Filled with a silent darkness drear
Where chaos reigned from year to year.
Suppose there were no man to breathe
This air, no God to rule supreme,
No beast to roam, no bird to sing,
No sign of life or living thing—
Since I was old enough to think,
I've tried to picture such a state;
But soon I reach the boundary line
'Twixt human thoughts and thoughts divine.

EDWARD S. SILVERA, JR.

BLACK BROTHERS

They brought thee from a life of ease,
From sweet recline 'neath shady trees
Into a land of gruesome toil
Beneath whose sun thy blood did boil.
They stole thee from a land of song
Where days were short and nights were long
And sold thee, where night never fell,
Into a land that rivalled hell.

Dear brothers, I have not forgot
The arduous days that were thy lot,
The cup which if thou didst not drain
For me to drink might still remain.

EDWARD S. SILVERA, JR.

LINCOLN NEWS

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EDITORIALS

FOREWORD

The succeeding editorials are written in the hope that the commendable practices which they discuss may be continued and the reprehensible ones may be relegated to oblivion. It is known before-hand that conflicting opinions are held regarding some of the matters herein discussed, and that resulting criticism will be forthcoming. All this we welcome in our efforts to do good.

FAIR PLAY

There is a derogatory practice found far and wide among students in institutions of learning. Its name differs according to the vernacular of the institution wherein it is used. In some places they call it cribbing, in others riding or plain old stealing in examinations.

Riding has become, to our great displeasure, a profession in Lincoln. And it has effects which in truth are sadly significant. By riding, a man of few talents and little study may receive a passing grade which he might not receive without so doing. By cribbing, a student may receive all sorts of high honors for pre-eminence in unmerited scholarship. This makes the honest student look askance at himself. For he knows that his memory is more likely to err than another's eyes. Thus, it goes down in the college or high school catalogue and thence down into historic annals that the one was a genius and the other was a dunce, oblivious of the fact that one was wicked and the other virtuous.

Now, when the "jockey" is caught riding he begins to realize that he has brought disgrace upon himself, his family and his progeny. Therefore, he begins to plead for leniency, declaring that it would break his poor, Christian mother's heart to learn that her son had been suspended from school. Too late!

Men of Lincoln, let us look upon cribbing with an eye of scorn. Let us practice perpetual honesty in all of our undertakings; for we know that only in this way can we do justice to ourselves, our relatives, and to those who may be otherwise interested in us.

RETROGRESSION

This school year at first promised to be a period of much activity on the part of the Y. M. C. A. and the Lyceums. Last fall the Y. M. C. A. had morning retreats and planned interesting programs for a while. But as the weeks passed, the weather turned colder and seemingly froze the spirit of warm enthusiasm which the Y. M. C. A.

had formerly exhibited. Why no more meetings? Why are there present such a few men when meetings are held? These questions could be easily answered and would be if such action did not necessitate personal references. The Y. M. C. A. must do better.

In a similar manner to the Y. M. C. A. have the two Lyceums—the Philosophian and the Garnett—declined. They too, began with evident zeal. It was a delight to hear men, one by one, express their thoughts clearly and forcefully and sometimes even with an outburst of fervent elocution. Occasionally they seemed to have caught the spirit of the versatile Clark or the irresistible Price. But a few months sapped their vigor and left them mere memories. The Philosophian, however, is reorganizing with a good intent. Would that the Garnett would do likewise.

PROGRESS

The ancient law of compensation—give and take, work and have, win and lose, judge and be judged, progress and retrogression, is yet among us. While we could point out evidences of decline on one hand, we could discover signs of advancement on the other. Hence, we have a better basket ball team now than we have had in many years. Our debating teams are composed of men in whom are combined scholarship, logic, and oratory. Out of some 280 students, 84 are honor men. There has been a spirit of co-operation between the body of students and the faculty which once was not. Finally, the students and faculty and supervisors have worked together and published three issues of this periodical, which is an advance over such activity of preceding years, in that student publications usually last only two issues. Our general manager, Mr. Thomas McDowell is ever rendering this paper service. While these and other evidences of progress endure there is much hope of a greater Lincoln.

MT. OLYMPUS

The Sophomore Oratorical Contest was held in Mary Dod Brown Memorial Chapel on Friday, February 12, 1926. Those participating were: F. A. Brown, Jabez Clark, G. R. Watkins, I. H. Faulkner, and Shelby Rooks. Prof. Wm. Finney presided. Each oration was limited to ten minutes. Two prizes were awarded: one fifteen dollars and the other ten dollars. The first being awarded to Shelby Rooks, who spoke on the subject of "America's New Attitude toward Europe." The subject of the oration which won second prize was "Wanted! Another Abraham Lincoln." This was won by the winner of the Freshman oratorical contest, Jabez Clark. The donor of these prizes is Prof. William Finney. They are given in honor of Miss Elizabeth H. Train.

The Sophomore Class regrets the departure of "Sugar Foot Hilliard" and Clarence "Rain" Bowe; already there is a decrease in the amount of sugar spilled and not an ordinary addition in the general milk supply.

The most promising social event of the season was the impromptu fox hunt of the gods in which the dogs played not an inconspicuous part.

OH! GIRL!

My girl's not smart or cute or pretty
She cannot dance or skate;
She isn't clever, gay or witty
Her line is out of date.
She never pulls this baby talk,
But by the moon above—
Could you but see her in the dark,
Oh! boy, how she can love!

JUST TO SMILE

(By Spence)

Advice to College Men

If you make love in the hallway, don't lean on the door bell.

If when you enter the parlor she should turn in the dimmers and draw the shade, don't wait for a second invitation.

When she tells you she doesn't want to see your face, turn out the light. She may have a meaning.

CANDIDATES FOR THE BUG-HOUSE

The guy who sleeps on the floor to save the bedsprings and mattress.

The guy who thought dissipation was a new dance.

The guy who thought Easter Sunday was Billy Sunday's wife.

The guy who thought the Sweet's case contained sugar.

Who can outblow the cornetist for a living or outbeat the drummer?

A NEW CHAIN OF DOGS FOR THE CAMPUS

Carroll X. Holmes, William E. Carter, Corey O. Mitchell, Gaines, and Langston Hughes.

MUSICALLY SPEAKING

"Dear One:

When I think of you, I am glad my gal don't love me any more;

Little did I know, but the pal that I loved, stole the gal that I loved.

O, Lovey, be mine! Let's wander away, by the light of the stars,

'Because I can't stop babying you.'

Remember, I'm your pal,
'San Salvador'."

Results of the Racing Season: "Barney Googles" with Spark Plug up, ran a poor race in the Greek Handicap. Bringing in fourth place speaks poorly for such an experienced jockey. "Pig" Bowman, the Earle Sande of this track, has been the favorite, bringing in at least four winners in the Mid-Year Derby with Brown, the diving boy from across the big sea water, running a close second. Failing to get the inside railing in the Chemistry Steeple Chase made him a brute for punishment.

Results of the Beauty Contest:

Face—Tie between Jabez Clark and "Stone Face" Fortune.

Eyes—H. O. Johnson.

Mouth—"Mike Mulligan"—"Rip" Day.

Nose—Barney—Frank Johnson.

Skin—"Ignatz" Gosnell—Pretty Willie.

Voice—Disagreement between "Pig"

Bowman and "Jim" Washington.

Legs—"Bo-Did" Ward.

Feet—"Foot's" Brown.

General contour and shape—Maurice Riddick.

All Round Beauty—The Goddess of Love and Beauty, "Jack" Sperling.

Coach Young—How will two ends get down the field?

Fred S. A. Johnson—Take a Yellow Taxi.

Old age is beginning to tell. If you don't believe it, ask Quasemado, Grand Toller of the Lincoln's Chimes, Bird Food and the chicken's delight.

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THE SECOND SEMESTER

By J. W. Murphy

The beginning of the second term brings to the freshman class many new faces. One of the outstanding newcomers is Langston Hughes of Washington, D. C. Mr. Hughes has won fame for himself and also for his race as one of the youngest poets and song writers in the present day and generation.

Mr. Hughes has travelled extensively through the United States and Europe. He has finally decided to settle down in Lincoln University and is a member of the class of 1929 in the Royal Line of David.

Other new 'preps' to arrive were: F. B. Mitchell and C. O. Mitchell of Germantown, Pa.; C. X. Holmes and B. F. Gaines of Pittsburgh, Pa.; W. Carter of Shippensburg, Pa. The last mentioned comes to us as a barber. Look out, Belcher!

DEBATING

Owing to the recent extensive Christmas Holiday and the mid-year exams, the freshman debating team has been on the slump. Now that the exams are over, business begins to pick up, and a team is to be picked, which team will be sent to Baltimore to represent the freshmen class against Morgan freshmen. Let's get together, freshmen debaters, and show the University and Baltimore public what we are made of.

Good luck to Thurgood Marshall, the only freshman to win a place on the Varsity Team through the recent tryouts, thus making himself a member of the Delta Rho Forensic Society.

BOXING IN SEASON

It was one balmy afternoon when Mark Parks of New York and Kid Edwards were leisurely walking toward the dormitory from their afternoon class. Suddenly, without any notice an argument started, followed by blows from each man.

Luckily, a few of their classmates were following; and they interrupted before any harm was done to either man. At this joint the decision was that rather than letting the grievance continue, to have a three round bout in the gymnasium.

The bout was called at 4 P. M., with a gallery on hand to witness the initial prize fight of the season. The feature event started out fast with Kid Edwards going strong. Kid Edwards ushered many blows to the body of Parks, but was soon stopped by a sudden onrush of Parks.

Parks was later complimented on his well-fought battle by the many spectators. Charlie Gibson was referee and promoter of the bout.

A little later it was learned that there lay a grievance between 'Battling' Morris and 'Chicago' Steele. The controversy was likewise settled in the little gym, and the rabble hastily gathered to witness the contest.

IMPRESSIONS

The Sewing Circle.
The Triangle.
The Trois Impieux.
The Yankees.
The Gut-Bucket—A name of questionable origin.
The Association for the Advancement of Pinockle.
The Classification Blues—By courtesy of the office.
The Master of the Organ and Console—Royster Joel Tate.
The Rise and Decline of the Lyceum. The 'Winter Garden.
Charlie Bynum, heir to \$200,000,000.
Cecil Thattous McNair, basso profunde.
Rockfeller E. Turner and his tailor-made "monkey-back."
Peter Hall fixing the movie machine at least once per week.
"Tad" Lancaster differentiating between "genotype" and "phenotype."
"Sheik" Hogan's greeting "Whad'yu say, Kid Scurvy?"
"Rip" Day making early 8:30 classes.
"Slim" Lee, proudly, "Let me command your attention! I am Bishop Lee's son."
Dick Brown with his upper lip protruded.
Jimmie Gaskins and his famous smoke trick.
"Pops" Yongue bellowing—"Ah-h! Dada!" up and down the corridors.
"Hots" Wells, confidentially, "Now this suit is worth at least twenty dollars, even if I don't pay you back—see!"
The parsimonious Hackenback Kid who, it is said, even covets the sweepings of the mint.
Leon Braswell, "—n then Uncle Curt said —"
Sitting in Houston Hall and listening to "Wild-man" Jimmie Washington laughing in Lincoln Hall.
Kid Kimbrough too proud to ask the loan of a razor.
Bill Joyner overworking his grafonola far into the wee hours of the night.
Dick Hill shaking hands effusively, "Why, how are you, Mr. Nichols? I'm so very glad to see you—blah—blah—blah (ad infinitum)."
The incredible fables of Kid Curfew—Quasimodo—Kid Horah, or just plain Casey.
Whoever heard of Scott's Hill, N. C.
Charlie Gibson vainly petitioning sustenance for purposes of immediate and individual consumption.

The deafening applause following the announcement, "The doctor will be at the hospital tonight at 7:30."

F. S. A. Johnson clapping his hands in the Refectory, "Gentlemen, I have an announcement to make—"

Nicque de Novelist taking time off his stuff to prove the affirmative of—"Resolved, that the Government should supervise the making of tooth-brushes for left-handed people." (By request).

Rare dishes which would make even an abstemious one overeat, such as Wednesday morning "Golf-balls" (extra rare); Tuesday morning spidoolie, intriguing; Thursday noon 'cart wheels' appetizing; Saturday morning, Universal Mixture, mysterious and suggestive.

Whoosit—"Whaddyu say, Kid Smooth! Say, lemme hava cigarette, willyu? I'm gonna buy some tonight. Gotta stamp? Where's all your stationery—mine just ran out. Thanks, gimme a match. Say, let me take that ol' two-bits there—ayh! da! da! Got th' time? My watch is broke. I'll take that ol' razor blade too, there, if you don't mind! See, I'm looking out for you. Sure! You're my boy, see! Brought your box right in from the ol' Post Office there! Be right up after movies—da! da! Well, pickya up, Good-lookin'!" And he's a Lincoln man, too. Wonder, if you can guess his name?

Last of all, the solemn-eyed underclassman who so secretly confided in Prof. Grim thru the medium of his examination paper, that we get diamonds out of clamshells—during the horrible mid-year's.

By Nicque

ALL CAMPUS BASKET BALL TEAM

Joyner—forward
"Soc" Knight—forward
Richard Hill—center and captain
Richmond—guard
Dozier—guard
Coach—Harry Cummings, Junior
Head Trainer—Maurice Riddick
Honorable Mention: Toto, Hopson, Dick Brown—the dancing Venus; Dr. Dade, Sugar Chase.

A basket ball must seem as tho it were a bomb to Charles Hudson Bynum, 2nd.

Just before dawn, before the rosy finger of aurora had peeped across the Eastern horizon, the L. U. Hammer Heel Track Team held one of its first spring practices. Sugar Foot Hilliard, lead off man, George Ashton running second, Leon Braswell running third and the greatest of all sole runners, Fouts Brown, running ankle. Ced Mills proves to be a great asset to the team.

Coach—Flannel Foot—Claude Morris.